

AT \$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

TIME TABLE.

St. Louis, Wash. & Pacific Ry.	12:30 p. m.
Chicago & North Western Ry.	1:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	2:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	3:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	4:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	5:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	6:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	7:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	8:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	9:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	10:30 p. m.
St. Louis & North Western Ry.	11:30 p. m.

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R. M. WHITE, Editor and Proprietor.]

VOL. XXIII.

MEXICO, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1882.

TO OUR PRIDE IN THE PAST AND OUR HOPE FOR THE FUTURE, LET US ADD VIGOROUS WORK IN THE LIVING PRESENT.

[\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.]

WE GUARANTEE FIRST-CLASS WORK.

MARK TWAIN ON THE PILGRIMS.

The Humorist's Speech at the New England Dinner in Philadelphia.

Mark Twain attended the banquet of the New England society of Philadelphia, at Philadelphia, the other evening, and in the course of a witty speech, said:

"I rise to protest. I have kept silent for years, but really I think there is no sufficient justification for this sort of thing. What do you want to celebrate these people for?—those ancestors of yours, of 1620—the Mayflower tribe I mean. What do you want to celebrate them for? Your parlor—the gentleman at my left assures me that you are not celebrating the Pilgrims themselves, but the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock on the 22d of December. So you are celebrating their landing. Why, the other pretext was thin enough, but this is thinner than ever: the other was tissue, and fish-bladder, but this is gold leaf.

"Celebrating their landing! What was there remarkable about it? Would like to know? What can you be thinking of? Why, those Pilgrims had been at sea three or four months. It was the very middle of winter: it was as cold as death off Cape Cod, there. Why shouldn't they come ashore? If they hadn't landed, there would be some reason in celebrating the fact. It would have been a case of monumental leather-headedness which the world would not willingly let die.

People always progress. You are better than your fathers and grandfathers were (this is the first time I have ever aimed a measureless slander at the departed, for I consider such things improper). Yes, those among you who have not been in the penitentiary, if such there be, are better than your fathers and grandfathers were; but is that any sufficient reason for getting up annual dinners and celebrating you? No, by no means—by no means.

Well, I repeat, those Pilgrims were a hard lot. They took good care of themselves, but they abolished everybody else's ancestors. I am a border ruffian from the banner State of Missouri; I am a Connecticut Yankee by adoption. In me you have Missouri morals, Connecticut culture; this, gentlemen, is the combination which makes the perfect man. But where are my ancestors? Whom shall I celebrate? They shall I find the real material? My first American ancestor, gentlemen, was in Indiana; an early Indian; your ancestors skinned him alive, and I am an orphan. Not one drop of my blood flows in that Indian's veins today. I stand here alone and forlorn, without an ancestor. They skinned him. I do not object to that, if they needed his fur. But alive, gentlemen, alive! They skinned him alive! And before company. That is what troubles. Think how he must have felt: for he was a sensitive person and easily embarrassed.

If he had been a bird it would have been all right, and no violence done to his feelings, because he would have been considered 'dressed'; but he was not a bird, gentlemen; he was a man, and probably one of the most uncomplaining men that ever was. I ask you to put yourself in his place. I ask it as a favor; I ask it as a tardy act of justice; I ask it in the interest of fidelity to the traditions of your ancestors; I ask that the world may contemplate, with vision unobscured by disguising swallows and white cravats, the spectacle which the true New England society ought to present. Cease to come to these annual orgies in this hollow modern mockery—this surfeit of raiment; come in character, come in summer gowns, come in the undressed simplicity, come in the free and joyous costume which your sainted ancestors provided for mine.

Now listen to me. Why do you wish to perpetuate these societies? I want you to stop right here and disband. Begin by selling Plymouth Rock at auction. In the great wealth of rocks in New England this particular rock would bring perhaps thirty-five cents. If you don't sell it throw it open to the patent medicine man. Do something to make a start. On this table I see water and milk and even the delectable lemonade. You are on the downward path. In a few years you will surely reach cider. Pause while it is not too late. But still I have as high an opinion of you and your ancestors as I can under the circumstances. My grandfather used to say that it would be hard to improve on the good old Plymouth stock—unless the person were born in Missouri.

Political Information.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch, Mexico, Mo., March 20.—Please answer the following questions and oblige a subscriber.

1. What majority did the Half-breeds have in the last State convention of New York?

2. Did Roscoe Conkling attempt to be elected a delegate to said convention?

3. Were delegates to said convention chosen without regard to their identification with the Half-breeds or Half-breed friends?

[1. The Half-breeds had no clear majority; the Salvars avoided a test vote; but the majority was at least fifty. 2. Mr. Conkling refused to be a delegate in the convention. 3. The delegates were chosen with a distinct view to their identification with either of the wings of the party.—Ed. P.-D.]

It is said the ordinary life is only ninety days. The bee, however, is very few.

THE CABINET.

(Salary of each, \$8,000.)

President—Chester A. Arthur, \$50,000.

Vice-President—David Davis, \$20,000.

THE EXECUTIVE.

Secretary of State—John Sherman, \$12,000.

Secretary of the Treasury—Charles F. Folger, \$12,000.

Secretary of War—William W. Belknap, \$12,000.

Secretary of the Interior—Timothy O. Howe, \$12,000.

Postmaster-General—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Attorney-General—William B. Brewster, \$12,000.

Comptroller of the Treasury—William A. Rusk, \$12,000.

Director of the Mint—Charles D. Smith, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the General Land Office—John S. Edwards, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Fish and Game—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Indian Affairs—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Quarantine—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Customs—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Excise—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Revenue—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Finance—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Commerce—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Navigation—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Fisheries—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Forestry—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Agriculture—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Education—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Health—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Labor—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Social Welfare—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Public Health—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Sanitation—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Hygiene—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Medicine—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Surgery—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Dentistry—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Optics—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Audiology—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Olfaction—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Gustation—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Tactility—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Vision—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Hearing—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Smell—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Taste—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Touch—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Pain—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Pleasure—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Discomfort—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Satisfaction—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Frustration—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Success—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Failure—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Victory—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Defeat—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Triumph—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Disaster—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Calamity—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Misfortune—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Infortune—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Unhappiness—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Sorrow—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Grief—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Mourning—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Lamentation—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Sigh—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Tear—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Cry—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Wail—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

Commissioner of the Lament—William A. Wood, \$12,000.

BREAKING UP OF THE ICE BRIDGE.

Among the infants of one of the little fishing villages on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River was a thrifty French Canadian named Pierre Laval. His family consisted of his rosy-cheeked, good-natured wife, Louise, the eldest child, from her womanly ways nicknamed "the little mother," Jean, a strong lad of thirteen, and the baby, whose bright black eyes and white skin made one think of two huckleberries in a bowl of milk.

In summer there was no more attractive spot in N—than the cozy Laval cottage, with its porch wreathed with honeysuckle, and its little plot of ground gay with beds and borders of bright-tinted flowers; and in winter the pantry was always well filled, and the wood-shed piled to the very rafters with logs; for Pierre was a good provider, and by working hard at fishing during the summer months and at lumbering in winter, he managed to earn considerable money, and instead of spending it at the village inn, he carried it home for the use of his wife and little ones.

On the afternoon of a certain cloudy day the door of the Laval cottage opened every few moments, and Louise peered anxiously down the road. At last she spied the stout figure of Jean coming up the road, and drawing her little red shawl tightly over her head she ran to meet him.

"Hurrah, Lou!" he cried gaily; "the boat is almost done, and the boys are going to let me have the naming of it. I think I shall call it 'The Louise.'"

"Oh, hurry, Jean!" she gasped, pressing her hands together nervously; "the baby!"

Then Jean, for the first time, noticed how pale and anxious his sister's face was.

"Well, what of the baby?" he asked.

"Sick, oh, so sick! he never was like this before."

"And you wanted me to go on some errand? I am sorry now that I staid all night, but mother said I might if the boys wanted me."

"Your staying was all right, Jean, only everything has gone wrong this time. Word came this morning that a gang of men was wanted at the big lumberyard, and father and the neighbors went away early and will not be back before the end of the week."

"But where's Mother Barbet?"

"Can't she cure the baby?"

Louise shook her head sadly. "For once, Jean, her medicine don't seem to do any good; but she says she has been with the great doctor over the river two or three times when he has had throats even worse than the baby's, and that he uses a new kind of medicine—a little white powder—and it always helps people right off. He gave her the name of the powder, but I couldn't find it at the little shop in the village, and mother didn't dare trust me to go across the river with it. He hasn't been out of the stable for four or five days, and he is as wild as a wolf."

N—was too small a town to be able to afford the luxury of a physician all for itself; besides, the people took so much exercise in the open air, and ate such simple food, and kept such early hours and were so strong and healthy, that a doctor would have found little to do. In cases of severe sickness the people of N—always sent for the learned physician across the river; but on all ordinary occasions they depended entirely on "old Mother Barbet," the fame of whose skillful nursing and simple remedies had spread far and wide.

It was toward the close of the long and bitter Canadian winter. Already, in some localities, little shallow pools of water standing here and there on the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence River showed that the sun was getting back some of its summer heat and power; and the inhabitants along the shores prophesied the speedy breaking-up of the ice, the clearing of the river and the re-appearance of the long procession of stately ships sailing by on their way to Montreal. But as yet not a crack had disfigured the glittering mass of ice which for two months had stretched out level as a lawn, making a firm, safe bridge between the little village on the south shore and the large town of V—.

If the people of the little village wanted anything from the large town, all they had to do was to harness their horses, and "whizz" across the ice and back again in a few moments. It was a thousand times better than the slow, unreliable summer ferry; and, too, during the clear, calm moonlight nights, you could hear the tinkling of the bells and the sounds of gay laughter as one sleigh load after another of young people sped over the ice, bent on some merry-making or frolic.

As Jean and Louise entered the cottage, their mother met them with a sober face. How still and lonesome it seemed without the bright baby, who always laughed and put out his little hands the moment the big brother came in sight! Jean felt conscience-stricken when he remembered how often he had said: "Bother the baby!" when his mother had left the little fellow in his charge for a few moments. In fact, it had been

current. Obeying the sudden sting of the whip, the pony gathered himself for a spring and cleared the crack as it widened to an impassable chasm behind them. A second crack was crossed in the same manner, and then Jean saw that their floating platform was surrounded on all sides by water. "We must leave the sleigh, Louise," he said. "It will be safer lying flat on the ice."

He took his knife and cut the pony loose from the sledge. "It is only fair to give poor Jet a chance for his life," he muttered; and then seizing his sister by the hand, he dragged her to the strongest part of the floe just as it parted in the middle with a sudden snap.

The little red sledge slipped into the water, and the pony, neighing piteously, drifted rapidly from their sight. Jean heard the shouting of voices, and through the driving rain he was able to make out the figures of men on shore running to and fro. "Hold fast to me, Louise," he said, as she gave a little gasp when the floe tilted to one side and icy waves dashed over their faces, "we are nearly the stationary ice by the shore. If you can hold out for a moment longer!"

The next instant the huge blocks of ice, as they came crushing down the river, forced the little floe on the firm ice, and strong arms carried the children to a place of safety.

The doctor was not able to cross the river for some time, but the white powder saved the baby's life, and the little fellow was growing and laughing as usual several days before Jean and Louise recovered from the effects of the cold and the fright.

The morning after the rescue of the two children, the black pony, with his shaggy mane and tail fringed with icicles, was found alive and well on a little cape where he had safely drifted ashore.

What Mrs. Grundy Says.

That it is better to be rich than aristocratic.

That there is a rage for old-fashioned Dutch clocks with chimneys of silver bells.

That there is an establishment in town where you can hire long seal-skin cloaks.

That eight out of every ten society women of to-day have manufactured complexions.

That bunches of artificial flowers are the correct thing on Miss Flora McFlimsy's muff.

That the most fashionable dinner parties of the season are those costing the most money.

That the go-without-your-overcoat young man has suffered greatly from the cold of late.

That people cannot be too careful how they take in and entertain reputed English noblemen.

That artificial smiles is now universally used for decorating private houses and churches.

That the better class of people repudiate Oscar Wilde, and will have nothing to do with him.

That the latest snobbery is to distribute flowers among the coachmen at fashionable weddings.

That you must have two bonnets—one very tiny, of feathers; and one very big, of plush and fur.

That screens made of Christmas and New Year's cards are the very newest in the aesthetic line.

That a Boston girl broke her engagement with a New York man because he could not speak Latin.

That there are already signs and indications that plush as a fashionable material has had its day.

That a married woman of the American colony in Paris has eloped with an impetuous count.

That the lady who stole a fur cloak at a party, a few months ago, is now in the insane asylum.

That it is a bad sign when people supposed to be rich are discovered pawing their diamonds.

Essay on Spring.

Spring is the time for sowing. In the city women wear short skirts forty-five cents per dozen. In the city, also, the wicked sow tares and reap tears. And everywhere in the spring-time men sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. Spring is a season much sung about by poets. It is a season that moves people—especially about the list of May.

It is the season for raising things. The first thing generally raised in the spring is—the rent. After that comes spring radishes and greens.

Insects also consult the ledger and make out his bills for the summer. Earwigs lay in a fresh supply of legs. Domestic and household insects resuscitate themselves and crawl and bite in their little beds. All nature stirs.

Spring also stirs up the theatrical combinations and the menageries. The trained beasts and animals of all sorts prepare to take the road. The tramp drunks of fresh fields and pastures new and lone farm houses where he may find the women unprotected making strawberry short-cake.

Spring comes every year. It brings new clothes to same and new fashions to all—if they can afford them. Usually it brings more clothes than people can afford to buy and fashions that they can